

THE HABIT

SALINA

KANSAS

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Cover Design by Adolph Toepfer

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March

1917

The fit of the coat; the
hang of the trousers; the
way a seam is run; —
these are what make for
good clothes and what
you will find in the new
Spring Kensingtons.

Kensington Clothes, \$15 to \$20

Hart Shaffner & Marx, \$20 to \$30

Stevenson's

Ladies, Misses and Childrens distinctive outer apparel

**The New Printzess Suits
The New Coats and Dresses**

for the Spring and Summer Season are here
now in all their glory and you'll find Hey-
ward's prices very moderate indeed.

Pretty Silks, Voiles and Sport Suitings for
summer wear await your selection.

You can depend on
HEYWARD'S

The quality store

Hi Students

Will be glad to learn that
Bulkley Dry Goods Company
have complete lines in

Running Pants and Shirts

Bloomers and Middies

Tennis Rackets and Balls

Tennis Shoes and Oxfords

Base Ball Mitts and Gloves

Reach & Schmeltzer

Everything for Athletics

Swimming Suits and Shoes

Bulkley Dry Goods Company

**\$1 Opens
a 3 per cent
Savings
Account**

Twice each year, if you so elect you can take in cash the 3 per cent interest that your money earns here, or you let it accumulate and draw interest on both the interest and the principal, too.

The first dollar you put to work may be the basis of a comfortable fortune in later days. 3 per cent is a

pretty good wage for your money to pay.

Traders State Bank

**Always the Best
Big "S" Flour
Fully Guaranteed**

The Shellabarger Mill & Elevator Co.

Salina, Kansas

The three best sellers

Monogram Coffee

Royal "W" Coffee

AND

Hy-Lo Coffee

*ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ANY OF THE
ABOVE COFFEES*

*They will produce the most delicious cup that
is possible to be had for anything like the price.*

**The Watson,
Durand-Kasper
Grocery Co.**

**The
National
Bonding and Casualty
Company**

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Felix Broeker, Vice Pres.

C. C. Reed, Secretary

C. B. Kirtland, Treasurer

Home Office,

Salina, Kansas

E. M. Miers, M. D.

Surgeon,

Salina, Kansas

HENRY C. LOW

Drugs, Sodas

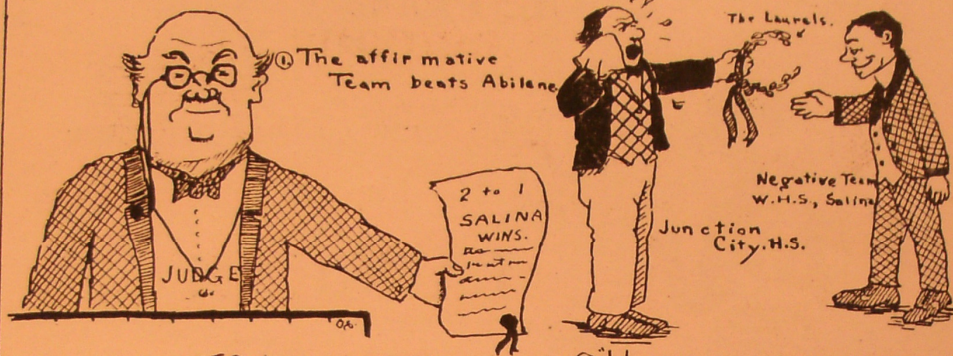
and

Candy

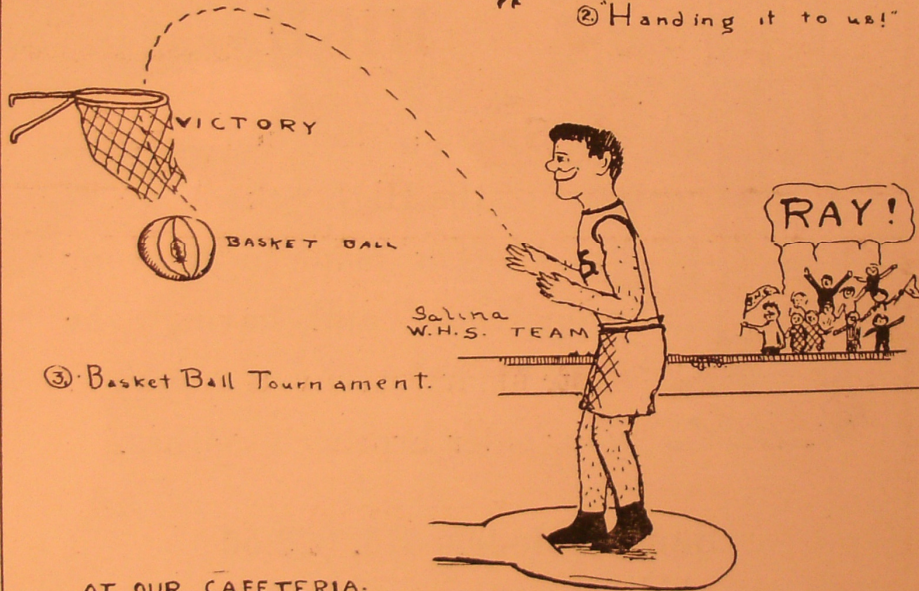
106 S. Santa Fe

WHAT WE'RE DOING.

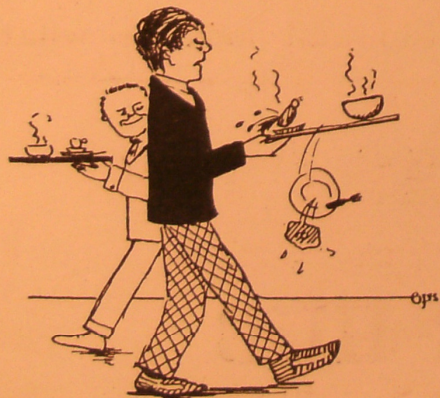
The Triple Victory. Feb. 23, 1917.



② "Handing it to us!"



AT OUR CAFETERIA.



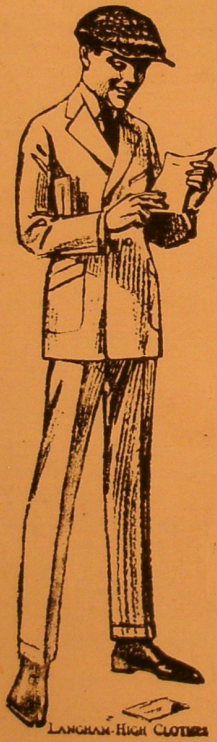
MARCH 5.
A CLOSE SHAVE!



OTF 3-12

HIGH SCHOOL FELLOWS!

LISTEN!



The new clothes are here
for you.

LANGHAM HIGH

Specially designed for you
boys of the High School age.

Clothes made to fit your
proportions, and having the
same smart style you admire in
your older brother's clothes.

Snappy Models \$15, \$22.50

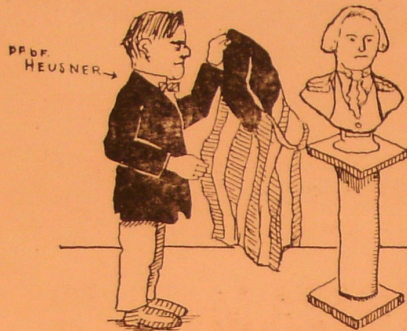
After school, stop and look at what
we're showing.

Whether you buy or only look, your wel-
come.

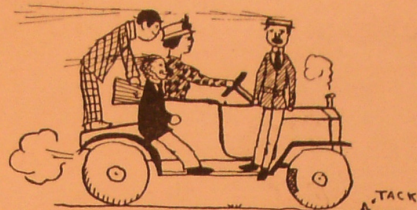
THE HUB

HIGH-SCHOOL HAPP'NINGS.

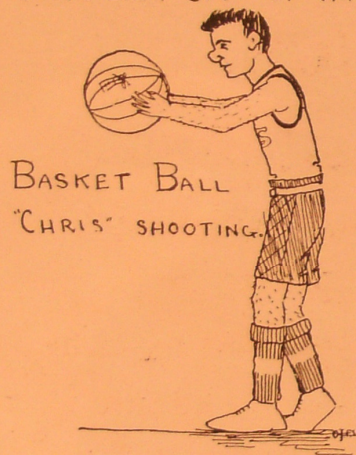
by Seitz.



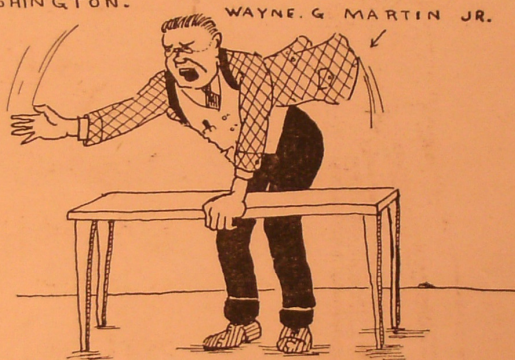
UNVEILING BUST OF WASHINGTON.



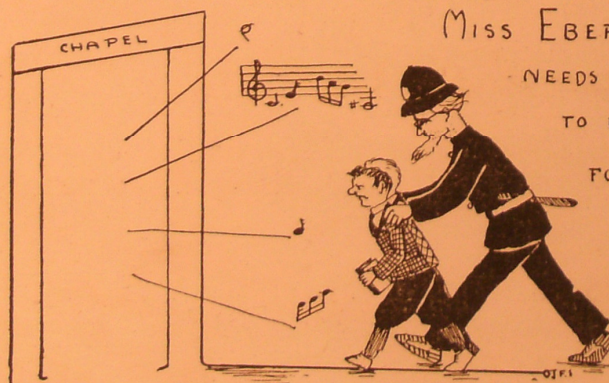
CRUELTY TO FORDS
OVERLOADING WYATT'S
"JITNEY."



BASKET BALL
"CHRIS" SHOOTING.



THE DEBATE IN CHAPEL.



MISS EBERHARDT
NEEDS A CONSTABLE
TO BRING CERTAIN
FORGETFUL BOYS
TO CHORUS CLASS.

Make Your Flour Foods Light and Wholesome

Soda, alum and phosphate combinations make the most efficient and healthful baking powders and

LEE BAKING POWDER

is made from the highest grade of these materials so no better product can be produced to raise your cakes from both moisture and heat.



[Read the book "Baking Powder and Other Leavening Agents" by F. N. Foote.]

Ask Your Grocer For Lee Baking Powder
Lee Coupons Brings Beautiful Premiums

The H. D. Lee Mercantile Co.

Kansas City Mo.

Salina, Kansas

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March, 1917

NO. 6

The Habit

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Editorials

High School Motto "What's your class motto?" A recent request of this sort brought forth no information though a third of a high school class was quizzed. Why choose a motto in the eighth grade if it is to be buried permanently by the time these same students have reached the tenth grade?

The Salina High School is looking for a high school motto that will serve as a footing for high school development. Such a sentiment, well chosen, would yield not only a substantial return in loyalty to worthy school ideals but also be a shaping factor in the development of the work and play of each incoming class.

It has been suggested that the high school motto be displayed conspicuously in the corridors or assembly

rooms of the building as a constant reminder of the high school goal. Such display could be effectively supplemented by its reappearance in the life of the student in and beyond school halls.

The idea of a high school motto strikes THE HABIT very favorably. Such an arrangement would provide a motto of constant and permanent value. What shall it be?

Will It Pass? The associate editors of THE HABIT have assumed the responsibility of the March issue. This arrangement is to help the staff compile a hundred-page annual without the distraction of a monthly issue and incidentally to let them have as much fun as possible in the last quarter of their high school life. The associates feel for the first time a spark of fellow feeling for their superiors. Soliciting copy has had all the delays of the collection of class dues, and producing copy might be compared to the writing of a daily final with no hope of success. But now that the March issue is ready for the public the editors are interested in only one thing—will it pass?

Gum Rack A new way to beat the H. C. L. has come to the Salina High. Install a gum rack. Such a convenience might be placed outside, near the south and the west entrances and afford a unique service to those who are addicted to the use of chewing gum. To renew gum at the end of every period on account of the prejudice of the teachers adds materially to the H. C. L. A gum rack would solve the sticky problem and render service to the individual as well as to school property.

In Memoriam



Daniel Lockard

Verna Leone Sjogren

The Chinese Doll

Vera Pehrson

The old soldier sat in his room at the Soldiers Home thinking over the past. How well he remembered the day he left his wife and baby daughter in answer to the call of the South and when finally their defeat came, how eager had he been to return to his home and his family from whom he had not had one word.

Arriving at his home town, he had found that his home had been burned by the Yankees and his wife had died a month before. His baby had been taken by a neighbor woman, who cared for her, to another state, no one knew where. No one had heard anything from his younger brother who had fought with the Yankees. An old servant, Rastus, had saved a few valuables and the Chinese doll, an heirloom, from the fire, but could give him no information concerning his daughter on account of a severe illness at the time of her disappearance. Discouraged and sick at heart, the soldier at length disposed of his land, and taking the articles that had been saved, he left in search of his daughter Bess.

Now, as the old man sat there after all these years, he thot of all the clues he had followed and of the disappointments that met him on every side. He had finally given up the search and sought to forget his sorrows by hard work. All his life he had had trials and failures, and now at last he had been compelled to seek refuge in the Soldiers Home. Besides the Chinese doll and a few other heirlooms, he owned nothing of any consequence. Those heirlooms his parents had told him his daughter Bess should be given when she became of age.

Making an end of his brooding, he decided to take a walk. As he turned the corner, he was delighted

to see a familiar little figure running towards him. This sweet little maid of six with laughing eyes and he had become very good friends.

"Why, Mary Bess! Why your hurry? You should not run so fast," exclaimed the soldier as she stood there regaining her breath.

"I know, but I wanted to see you. You remember that funny old Chinese doll you showed me, Uncle, Jim?" For Uncle Jim was the name he had asked her to call him.

The old soldier thoughtfully nodded assent to her questions.

"My uncle from New Orleans is visiting here," Mary Bess went on, "and I told him about the doll. He said he would like to see it. I was just wondering if you would let me take it and show it to him. He is going to leave to-morrow."

The old soldier thoughtfully stroked his beard but finally answered, "Mary Bess, you can't realize what that doll means to me. It belongs to a daughter whom I haven't seen for thirty years. And if the doll should be broken—."

"Oh no, Uncle Jim, I'd be so careful."

There was no denying that look in her big brown eyes, so he said, "All right, I'll let you have it for to-night if you'll return it tomorrow but do be careful about it."

In a short time he had wrapped the doll into a bundle and returned to Mary Bess who was waiting at the entrance. Then the supper gong sounded, and Mary Bess tripped away.

Somehow the old soldier could not rid himself of gloomy thoughts that night. He thought of his younger brother and his daughter of whom Mary Bess strangely

reminded him. Finally he slept, and the next morning he awoke refreshed. At eight o'clock an attendant came to tell him that a little girl wished to see him.

"That must be Mary Bess," he thought, and a strange foreboding filled his heart.

Before he reached the landing, he heard sobs. There in the hall he saw Mary Bess sobbing as if her heart were broken.

"Why my dear! What is the matter? You mustn't cry so," he spoke comfortingly.

"Oh! Oh! Uncle Jim," she managed between sobs, "Uncle wasn't at home last night but came to say goodbye this morning. I showed him the doll, and when he looked at it, he dropped it. He couldn't talk but kept saying, 'Jim! Jim! Mother sent for you,' Come with me right away."

In the meantime Mary Bess's uncle was telling a sad story to his handsome niece.

"When the war broke out, Jim joined the rebels, and I fought with the Yankees. After the war I went home, but no one was there. The house had burned; your mother was dead, and Jim and you had disappeared. I knew of no other living relatives. I could never find any trace of Jim. I never knew of your whereabouts until I read of your marriage. Then when I realized how well you had been taken care of and how happy you were, I could not tell you that your father might still be alive. And I really believed that he was dead although I had never heard of his death. But that doll was an heirloom in our family. It belonged to Jim, and when I saw it, I realized that Jim must be living. I was so completely unnerved that I dropped the doll. But never mind, think of the good it has done. What a pleasure it will be to see Jim again."

And his wish was gratified; for Jim stood in the doorway.

Mary Bess, picking up the broken pieces of the doll uttered a loud exclamation as she found a paper, yellowed with age within the doll. But her exclamation was not heard as her elders were then celebrating a family reunion.

Later, however, Mary Bess received much benefit from that paper on which her great grandparents had willed a small fortune and many old jewels in the Bank of England to their grand-daughter Bess and her heirs.

The Mad Dog

Ruth Mitchell

"By jove!" exclaimed Professor Caswell, "If I didn't forget to water my garden this evening and I guess it needs it pretty badly." Thinking there would be no harm in leaving the museum open for a few minutes in such a dead little college town, and as his son, Bobbie, was playing nearby with some other boys, he left to attend his radishes and onions.

Professor Caswell, a taxidermist, was in charge of the museum. About dusk that evening, the professor's son, Bobbie, ran down the main street shouting, "Mad dog! Mad dog!" As Bobbie was noted for his jokes and tricks, I thought he was just trying to arouse excitement but when I looked around, there in the middle of the street, I saw a very ferocious looking dog. It was standing perfectly still but its eyes were glary and it looked as if it were about ready to spring into the midst of the crowd, which was composed mostly of women and children. The people on the street stood horrified, not knowing which way to turn for fear the dog would dart after them. Then Chester Clark, Bob-

bie's chum, stepped out from the crowd and slowly approached the dog.

"Stay back! Don't you know the dog is mad?" shouted many people. But Chester kept going on very slowly, as if he had not heard the cries of the excited crowd. Suddenly he grabbed the dog around the neck, and in a moment they were rolling over and over on the ground.

In the growing darkness, the boy and the dog could not be seen distinctly. The dog did not make a sound; nothing could be heard except Chester's cries of pain. Finally the one policeman of the town pushed his way through the crowd to where the boy and dog were struggling. Realizing the boy's danger, the officer drew a revolver from his pocket,

"Watch out, don't hit Chester," yelled a warning voice. At this moment Chester freed himself from the dog's grasp. Immediately three shots entered the dog which fell lifeless to the ground.

"Oh, he is dead all right," exclaimed one boy. "I think all three shots went through his heart." The policeman stooped and took hold of the dog's leg, which was stiff and cold. He looked around for Chester, but he had disappeared. Now that there was no danger, the crowd drew up close to the man and dog.

Professor Caswell, just coming out of his yard, noticed the crowd and proceeded to find out the cause. He arrived in the center of the group just as the policeman started to lift the dog's head.

To the amazement of the whole crowd, Professor Caswell exclaimed in a horrified tone of voice, "Well, if there isn't my finest Norwegian wolf, simply ruined."

Skinney's Treasure Hunt.

Karl Umholtz.

Chapter III

About nine o'clock a boat slipped from the dock at Bayport and stole across the bay. Five occupants whispered and laughed cautiously as they pulled into deep water.

An hour later another boat containing a single occupant left the dock and stole across the bay in the wake of the other boat.

As Skinney approached the mansion, he began to whistle. Not that he was afraid but because there was companionship in the whistle. The huge mansion presented a much more dismal and deserted appearance to him in the moonlight than it had that afternoon. As he approached, he imagined that he could see shadowy objects flit to and fro behind the windows.

Nervously he fumbled in his pockets and produced a flashlight. He pressed the spring and turned it toward the mansion. Its cheering rays restored his courage as he entered the yawning darkness of the doorway.

He had advanced only a few steps when a scurrying noise of many little feet caught his sensitive ear. He stopped and flashed his light here and there in front of him.

"Nothing but rats," he muttered aloud. "What a ninny I was to be frightened."

By this time he had reached the stairway and began the gruelling process of mounting the creaking stairs. This ordeal was passed without misadventure and a moment later he stood safely on the landing of the second floor.

"Let's see" said Skinney aloud, recalling the instructions of the cryptogram. "First room to the left--

one to the east--and one to the south--twelve feet in front of the door of this room and straight south to the wall. Three feet and a half from floor find button which releases hidden spring, which opens door in wall.

Skinney reached the first room to the left and with a heart that was thumping with excitement. At once he carefully measured off the given distances! His hand moved over the wall for the hidden button, but without success.

"That's funny," thought Skinney. "The button ought to be here. I'll try again."

Once more Skinney returned to the first floor and carefully retraced his steps. His hand was groping a second time for the hidden spring when an unearthly groan issued from the next room. This first cry was followed by another more uncanny than the first.

Skinney's teeth chattered; his knees smote together; he stood as if paralyzed, unable to move a muscle. Suddenly something huge, white and misshapen leered at him. He forgot his flashlight; it dropped to the floor unobserved. All his senses urged flight but the specter blocked the way.

Just then the shadowy object put itself in motion and started toward him.

A change immediately came over Skinney; his blood began circulating again with a rush that made him dizzy; he regained control of his muscles. He successfully eluded the grasp of the specter and with an unearthly yell that would have done an Apache credit, he turned and fled through the now unobstructed doorway and down the treacherous stairs.

Instinct alone guided him in his flight. He missed the first three steps, plunged headlong to the landing and went crashing down, making an unearthly noise. Arriving at the foot, he scrambled to his feet and was

off again. Skinny cleared the garden in four bounds. Just as he was passing the gate he heard a familar laugh. He could not be mistaken. It was Ted's laugh, and it came from the haunted mansion he had just deserted.

"Ted! Why it couldn't be possible," gasped the boy still running. Again the laugh overtook him, this time accompanied by others, each of which was as easily discerned as the first had been. Skinny, convinced of the nearness of the boys, slowed to a runaway pace.

Ted, Slats and Nick had put it over on him.

"Such a rotten bunch of friends," he groaned as he got into his boat and started across the bay.

THE END

All Henry's Fault

Meryle Morrison '19

"Chickens!" shouted Mary Jane through the transmitter. "I thought Henry got those chickens. You told him to. I don't care if we do have a car. I wanted to take Alice and Elizabeth out riding to-day," and Mary hung up the receiver with a bang.

"That's just the way with a boy, he can always manage to avoid all the work. I suppose that I shall have to do his work for him," said Mary Jane indignantly to Alice who was standing at her side, "after all mother said to him this morning."

"But we can stop and get the chickens while we are riding," suggested Alice.

"Yes, but it will be so much trouble," complained Mary Jane. "Besides it's his work."

That morning Mrs. Baily had tried to make it clear

to Henry that he was to drive out to the farm and get some chickens for Sunday dinner. But like some other boys he had gone to a scout meeting and as usual had forgotten all about his duty at home.

"I suppose I'll have to go," said Mary Jane reluctantly slipping on her father's ulster and Henry's old cap.

Five minutes later she had backed the car out of the yard and was soon speeding along the country road. The dust was flying everywhere. Mary Jane luckily found a pair of goggles in her pocket and put them on.

"You look like a city chauffeur," complimented Alice, pausing for a moment in her interesting account of life at boarding school; then continued, "The time we had the most fun—"

"Yow - ow -ow!" they heard from behind them.

"What in the world!" shrieked Mary Jane turning around.

"Mamma! I want mamma! Yow ow-ow-ow!" yelled an angry baby voice.

There on the floor between the two seats sat the neighbor's baby, Billy Johnson, yelling his head off for his mother. Alice dragged him over the back of the seat and held him on her lap, trying to quiet him. But Billy yelled louder than ever.

"What on earth shall we do with this baby?" she asked Mary Jane.

"I can't think of anything to do, but to keep him at present," Mary Jane answered. "I'll bet Henry put him in there to give me some trouble."

As they were speeding along, they passed a traveler who regarded them humorously first and then suspiciously. The girls offered no explanation and hurried on to the end of their trip. When they reached the farm the baby was still crying. But as soon as the farmer's wife appeared with a big fat cookie, Billie forgot he was lost.

In the meantime, Mrs. Johnson was looking for Billy. It was really a coincidence that she should ask the farmer who had passed the car with Billy and the girls, if he had seen a lost baby. At once he told her about the car he had met on the road. He had taken Mary Jane for a man because she wore an old cap and goggles, and because the baby was crying for its mother he knew it was with strangers.

"Kidnappers!" gasped Mrs. Johnson turning pale and at once notified the police.

Mary Jane was nearing town when she was stopped by a policeman, who ordered her to drive to the police station. As Mary Jane was often guilty of speeding, she complied without hesitation. When she arrived at the station and found she was suspected of kidnapping, she was very much astonished. Mary Jane could think of nothing to do except call Billy's mother. Mrs. Johnson who had heard that the kidnappers were caught, was already close to the station. As soon as she appeared and saw Mary Jane and Billy she embraced them both and helped in a satisfactory explanation.

Mary Jane took Mrs. Johnson and Billy home. But she could not guess how Billy happened to be in the car. When they reached home, Billy's sister, Ruth explained that she and another little girl had been playing house in Bailey's car. The two girls had gone down town on a makebelieve shopping trip, and had left the baby at home asleep. Mary Jane had taken the car to their home before they had returned. That explained Billy's presence in the car.

"It was all Henry's fault," explained Mary Jane to the family at supper time.

"Yes," nodded her father seriously, "and Henry will eat no chicken tomorrow."

The Quitter

Harry Nelson '19

"Did you say they won the game after captain Edwards was put out because of personal fouls and Benson put in as his substitute?" asked Smithie who had not seen the big game.

"That's about the size of it," replied Brown "but that's not all of it. You have noticed that bandage on Benson's hand? Well, the doctor said that he does not see how in the world he ever played such a game with his bum hand."

"I'll bet he came out of it grinning just the same. Say, why have they been calling him a quitter the last week?"

"There's a long story to explain that," replied the well-informed Brown, "but if you have the time to spare, I'll tell you."

"Sure, I have plenty of time; so shoot away," said the eager Smithie.

"Well," began Brown, "you know Benson has been on the 'varsity' until this week. Captain Edwards had a scheme to work a dirty play on Riverside today, but Benson refused to play dirty; so he was dropped off the 'varsity' and dubbed a quitter. He came out for practice two nights, but the boys made it so unpleasant for him that he felt like quitting altogether. However, he came back the next night just to show that he was no quitter. Then he cut his hand while sharpening his mother's butcher knife. When he did not come out for practice that night he was jeered at worse than ever. The following nights he practiced in spite of his hand, trying not to use it any more than was necessary. Then the game came with Benson on the sideline.

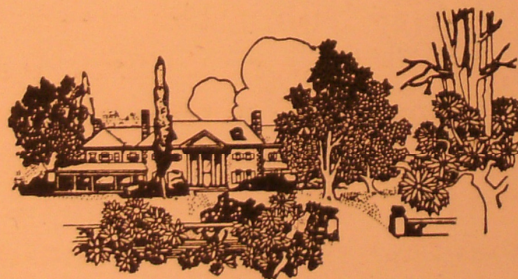
After the first half ended they were twelve points behind and at the beginning of the next half Edwards had his last "personal" called on him so he put Benson in so the disgrace of losing the game would fall on him. Gee, Smithie but you should have seen that man play and every man seemed to fall right in with him. The opponent's lead was gradually lowered and within five seconds of the end of the game, Benson shot the winning basket from the center of the floor."

"What happened after the game?" queried Smithie.

"Why," answered Brown, "the whole team sat around him as the doctor redressed his hand."

"But about Edwards," impatiently cried Smithie.

"Oh, he resigned his captainship over to Benson and shook hands with him to boot," he answered over his shoulder as he walked off.



News

Our Debate teams came out of the Triangular Debate with Junction City and Abilene victorious. A two to one decision was given them both places. Wayne Martin, Ethel Hoskins and Vera Nichols as the negative team went to Junction City. Alfred Heusner, Zella Conkling and Rudolph Morgenstern debated the affirmative at home.

The Lebow troupe entertained the high school in chapel, March the ninth. Mr. Lebow played a clarinet solo. Mrs. Lebow accompanied him. Miss Roberta Lebow gave two readings.

Miss Neva Miller entertained the high school with several selections at chapel on the second of March. It is hoped that Miss Miller will appear again soon.

The Y. W. C. A. held a "politeness" meeting on Wednesday March 7. Miss Smith talked on the subject. A politeness contest was held afterward.

The Junior Girls won the inter class basket-ball tournament this year. They were not defeated.

Mr. Wilson Bossing gave the oration which he is to give at the state contest this year, in chapel, February 26.

On the 9th and 10th of March the basket-ball team went to the 5th District tournament at Manhattan. They brought back with them the district championship.

Miss Eberhardt is working on the operetta "The Chimes of Normandy" which is to be given the latter part of April. Donald Lang, Ruth Hinche, Ethel Law, Margaret McAdams, Mary Miner, Ethel Hoskins, Mary Kirtland, Paul Brassfield, John Barker, Verne Eaton, and George Fagerstrom take the leading parts. The Boys and Girls glee clubs and the chorus classes compose the chorus.

Newton Gray and Wesley Anderson two of the S. H. S. boys who joined the Navy are home on furlough. They expect to go on ship when they return to the training station. We wish them good luck in their years of enlistment in the service of Uncle Sam.

The Juniors are busy working up plans for the Junior-Senior reception of this year. One of the biggest receptions that has ever been given is planned for.

Plans are being made for the annual Mayday Festival. This will be one of the biggest ever held here.

The Girls Glee Club gave a concert at Twin Mound school house, Friday, March 30. The program was good and was much enjoyed by the audience.

The music department gave a program in the Washington High School auditorium on the 20th of April. The program consisted of the work done in the regular music department of the school by the glee clubs and orchestra. In addition several clever novelty numbers were given.

Athletics

Fifth District League Tournament at Manhattan

SALINA 43. WASHINGTON 37.

Salina was represented at the Fifth District League tournament at Manhattan by the best team she has sent in years. That fact was proved when in a contest with 16 competing high schools, she clinched the championship for Salina.

In the first game Salina drew Washington, one of the strong teams of the district. Washington was unable to weather the strength of the Salina team, and at the end of the first half the game stood 21 to 14 in favor of Salina.

Then came some hard playing by Washington that pushed their score up 23 points. Salina kept up her fight and maintained a safe lead. The game closed with a count of 43 to 37 points.

SALINA 54. CHAPMAN 26.

Good team work and fast playing were responsible for the defeat of Chapman in the second game. The Salina team piled up a safe lead in the first half and bewildered the Chapman team with their speed and punch. The game ended Salina 54 Chapman 26.

SALINA 40. MANHATTAN 37.

The fight of the tournament and by far the best game was between Salina and Manhattan. The fact that the finish was in doubt until the closing whistle shows the close contest between the two teams. Salina

was off with a rush before Manhattan got into the game and the first half ended 20 to 8 in favor of Salina. Manhattan gave a good account of herself in the second half and came back strong running the score up to 16. After some fine work by both teams the game swung back to Salina with a score of 36 to 22. This lead was held until within two minutes before the close of the second quarter when Manhattan made eleven points. The last quarter closed with a 40 to 37 count in favor of Salina.

SALINA 44. CLAY CENTER 22

The final game for Salina was played with Clay the second day of the tournament. The fact that it was the second game for that day for the Salina team may have accounted for Clay piling up 12 points in the first ten minutes. Salina soon found herself and turned loose with her old time fire and finished the first half with a score of 14 to 14.

The second half was easy sailing for Salina and she ran up a lead of twenty-two points. As the game was cinched, the last quarter found the Salina five resting up with Brill giving instructions to the Clay team. Playing at top speed all the way, Salina might have doubled her score. The game ended 44 to 22.

SALINA 36. ELLSWORTH 35

Salina gained the championship of the Kaw Valley League by defeating Ellsworth for the second time. This game resulted in the necessary two victories out of three. The game which was played in the Wesleyan gymnasium was without doubt the fastest and hardest fought game of the season and gave an exhibition of team work that has seldom been equalled here.

The crowd that turned out for the game filled the gym and showed the local interest in the contest. Ells-

worth was well respected and took a lively part in the rooting.

Ellsworth started the game with a rush, making a goal in the first minute of play and piling up a lead of five points before Salina found herself. At this point Salina began playing at top speed and gained the lead which she held throughout the game with the exception of an exciting tie score in the second half. The first half closed with a 21 to 17 count in favor of the local team.

The second half started out with a score for Ellsworth with rapid playing that gave the Salina team a lead of ten points. But it wasn't long until Ellsworth made a sprint and tied the score. Within sixty seconds of the closing whistle Bergsten skillfully dropped a free goal through the basket and saved Salina. The game ended 36 to 35.

SALINA 23. ELLSWORTH 34.

Salina was defeated by Ellsworth in the second game with this team. The game was played at Ellsworth on the school court which is smaller than the home court. This partially accounts for the defeat at the start. The Ellsworth five were off with a rush and kept the lead practically throughout the first half, which ended with a score of 13 to 8.

The second half was a repetition of the first. Ellsworth doubled their lead and sailed smoothly to victory. The game ended 34 to 23.

Owing to this defeat another game was agreed upon to decide the championship of Kaw Valley League. The defeat at Ellsworth came as a shock to the high school, but was not unexpected by the team itself as Ellsworth on her own court has always been a jinx to the Salina five.

Humor

Miss Eberhardt at rehearsal: "The next time we sing that line I want you to hold the man."

Mr. Patterson, assigning a lesson in chemistry. I want you to know all about the use of ammonia in the manufacture of ice, and if you don't find enough in your text book, look in the refrigerator.

Norris Ott in English VI: Goldsmith was a hackneyed writer.

In conference on current history day: Miss Addison, who is Mr. Philip Buster everybody is talking about?

English teacher: What is a hack writer?

Wilder Huesner: Editor of the "Habit."

Eugene Floyd: Mr. MacWilliams, my aunt's cousin died, may I be excused?

Mr. McWilliams after deliberation: Why, yes Eugene, but I really wish it had been a closer relative.

It has been suggested that "Preacher" Bennet hire a cot and pay the Board of Education a dollar a week for sleeping privileges the sixth hour.

Miss G.: Robert Stevenson would argue with St. Peter.

Mary Miner: I think he'll have to.

Eunice Beichley, translating "Caesar:" The wind blew so hard they could not stay under their skins.

"Penalized"

Fraternity: "Dearest, you are the goal of my ambitions."

Sorority: "Fifteen yards for holding."

Ex.

Miss Hamilton in geometry II, working a problem in ratio and proportion: Yes, these are the mean proportions.

Mr Patterson: Mr. Fagerstrom what is the coefficient of expansion of zinc?

George F.: Oh!, Oh!, Oh!, Oh!, twenty nine. (.000029)

Hotel Waiter: Are you the gentleman who has been ringing all the time, sir?

Farmer(at the bell): I dunno, I just lost my collar button stud and was trying to dig this little'un out of the wall with my knife.

"Jane, have you given the fish any fresh water lately?"

"No, mum, they haven't drunk the water I gave them last week yet."

Ex.

She: She's something of a wall flower, is she not?

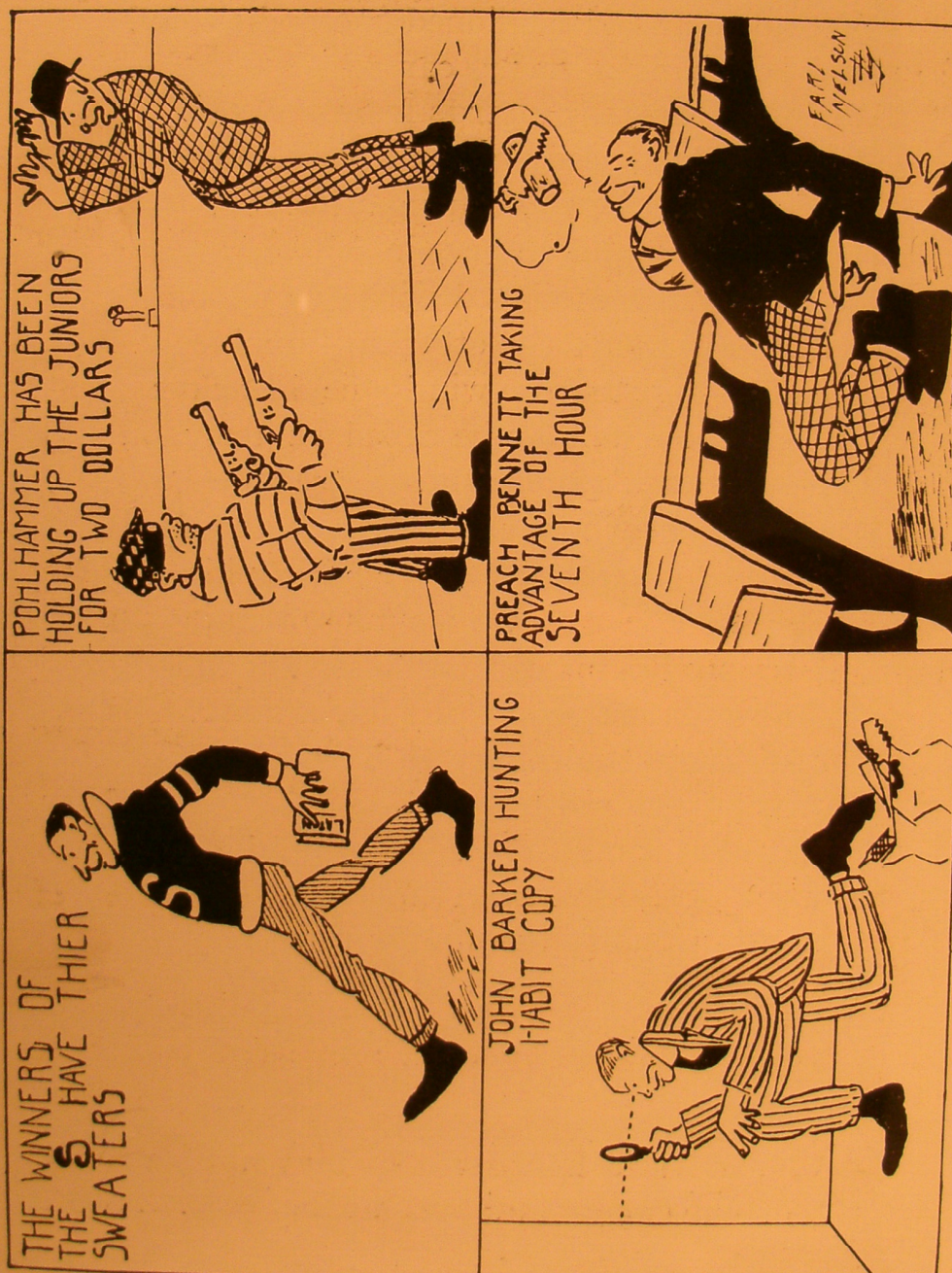
He: Make it a walnut.

Ex.

Contributed by a junior and printed as a possible excuse for the habit of inattention.

The youth of the modern day
Instead of an old fashioned one horse shay,
Now is driving a racing car
Which he carefully guards from any mar.
He knows his speedy automobile
From inner tube to steering wheel.
He may not stand to pass in school,
But he's well acquainted with every tool;
He can take apart the steering knuckle
As well as tighten the wind shield buckle;
Tho at school he may be called a clumsy lout
The name won't hold when a tire blows out,
For he knows where every wrench should fit,
And quickly hauls out his repairing kit.
His knowledge of Latin isn't so much,
But he handles his car with a skillful touch;
He knows home geography like a book,
For he scouts the coutry to have a look
At every farm and town
For at least a hundred miles around.
A speed of less than sixty miles
Amounts to nothing—it only riles
Him, "Why a jitney could beat that!"
He scornfully says; to make a hundred flat
Is his ambition; he knows how much
Power he can get by slipping his clutch;
Although the school spirit he may not feel,
He certainly knows an automobile. R.C. '18

Mary had a little waist
Where nature made it grow.
And every where the fashion went
The waist was sure to go. Ex.



Exchange

THE ITEM, Pasadena California. The Item is an attractive little magazine and interesting. The literary department is perhaps a little long but its quality almost justifies it. A table of contents is needed.

THE X-RAY, Anderson, Indiana. The headings of your various departments are very appropriate. Your Poet's Corner is fine.

THE RECORD, Syracuse, N. Y. There is an appearance of sameness about your paper. Why not add a few cuts and cartoons, something at least to liven it up?

THE HIGH SCHOOL GAZETTE of Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, is a very interesting paper. The humor section is above the average.

THE MIRROR, Coldwater, Michigan. Your paper contains good material, but if each department had a separate page, it would be much more attractive.

KNAY, Seattle, Washington. The "Power of Nature" was well worth reading.

THE BOOSTER, South St. Paul, Minn. The Booster does not make a good impression at first sight. Try a few cuts.

THE MESSENGER, Durham, N. Carolina. The last edition of the Messenger contained a number of very interesting articles.

THE CLASSICUM, Ogden, Utah. The Classicum is especially well organized for a high school paper and the general appearance of the magazine is good. Your

use of cartoons and snap shots might well be used as a model for many papers.

THE HABIT is a well arranged magazine and is a credit to the students who publish it. THE LAUREL, Young Harres, Georgia.

THE HABIT is always a welcomed exchange. Purple and White," Phenixville, Pa.

We are always glad to recieve your "HABIT." An "Open Letter to Santa Clause" is clever and original. "High School Gazette," Lock Haven, Pa.

THE HABIT is a neat little paper. "The Sentinel," Connellsville, Pa.

A few cuts would improve the apperance of your paper. The Bugle, Monroe, Mich.

Your Exchange department is well developed. Could you not use some attractive cuts? Onas, Philadelphia, Penn.

Surely your cuts are not the best available. The Aegis, Houston, Texas.

Your cover design eclipses all other exchanges this month(November). The titles in the literary department were especially interesting. The Spectator, Johnstown Pa.



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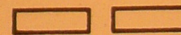
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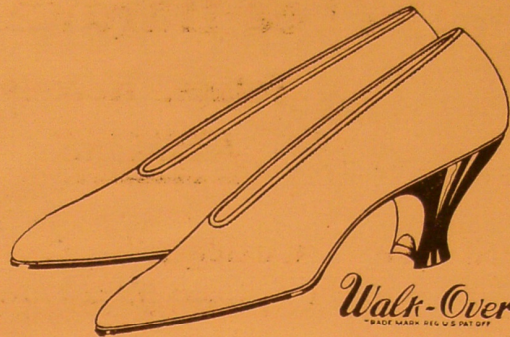
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RESOURCES

Loans.....	\$390,537.20
Overdrafts.....	436.04
Furniture and Fixtures.....	10,155.71
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	232,433.34
	<hr/>
	\$633,382.29

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock.....	100,000.00
Surplus	5,000.00
Undivided Profits.....	1,775 27
Deposits.....	\$526,607.02
	<hr/>
	\$633,382.29

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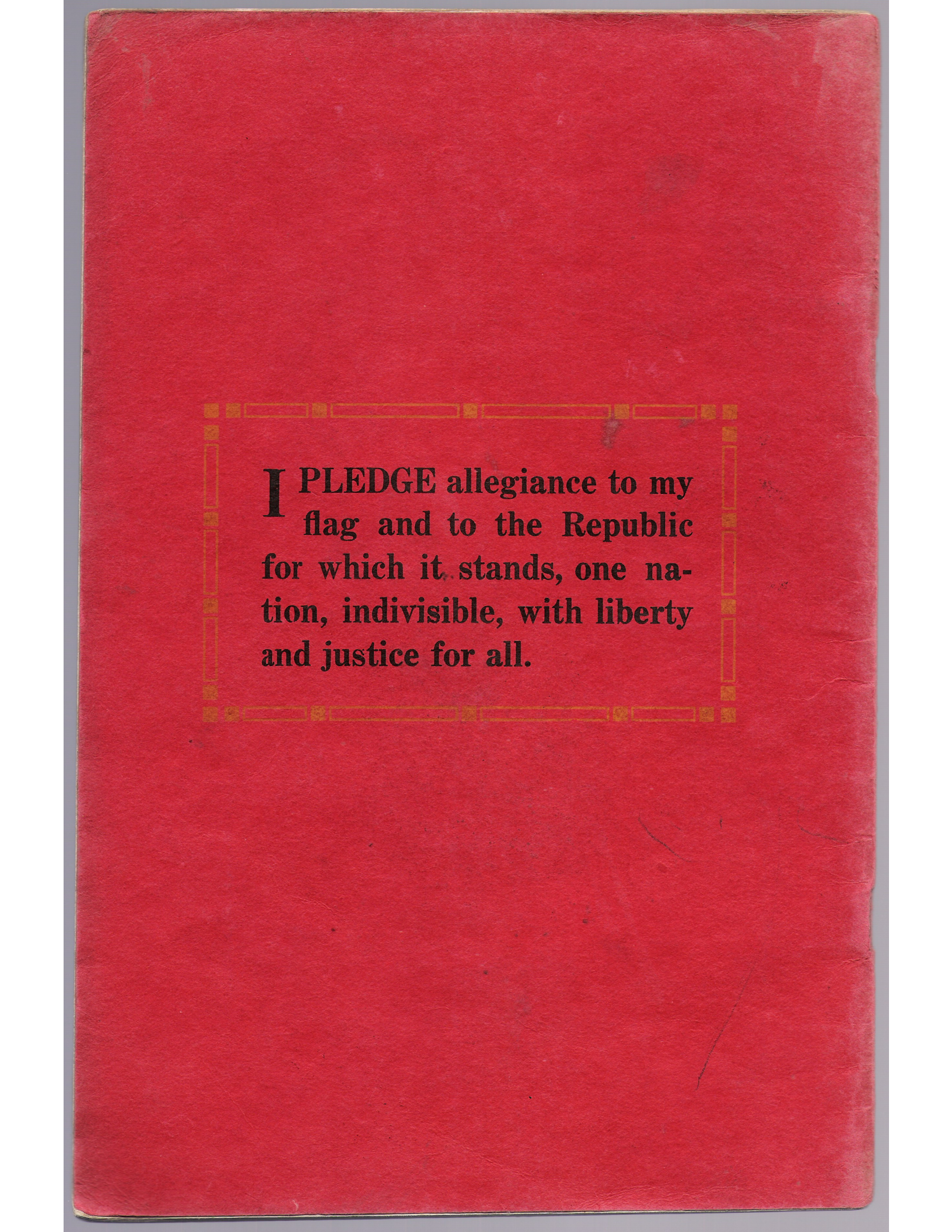
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